

McLean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1919

NO 33

CIVIL WAR VETERAN DIED THURSDAY

Death of Asa Champlin Leaves Only
Seven Members of Local Post.

Asa Champlin, one of Coryville's highly respected citizens died at his home, Thursday morning at half past nine, Aug. 7, 1919. His death was caused by a complication of ailments. Also five weeks before his death he fell and broke his hip, causing him to be a great sufferer.

Asa Champlin was born in Coryville, Chenango County, N. Y., July 23, 1832, a son of Asa and Kessiah Champlin. When a young man he came here to work for Mr. Ruben C. Kent. He was united in marriage to America Kent, daughter of Ruben C. and Prudence Kent in 1867. He enlisted in the Civil War and served two years and two months and then received an honorable discharge. He was the last one of a family of ten children.

To this happy union were born four children, Ervin Champlin, of South Livonia, N. Y., Mrs. Alta Rees, Coryville, Pa., Eli Champlin, Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Effie Hartson, Rochester, N. Y., all of whom with the widow survive to mourn the death of a kind and loving husband and father. He is also survived by sixteen grandchildren and twenty one great-grand children.

The funeral services were held at his late home at Coryville Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, the Rev. I. W. Williams of Fredonia, N. Y., Pastor of the Seventh-day-Adventist church, officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Coryville cemetery, also the G. A. R. held memorial services at the grave.

—Contributed.

GREEN-CONNINGTON

Hazel Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Green and James Connington of South Vineland, N. J., were quietly married at home at eight thirty o'clock Saturday, Aug. 9, by Rev. W. E. VanDyke. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the bride's family and a few friends. The bride was given away by her father and the ring service of the Episcopal church was used. Miss Green has been a capable stenographer and assistant in the Recorder's office for some time. Mr. Connington is a former Smethport resident and a young man of excellent character.

Mr. and Mrs. Connington left Saturday evening for a short honeymoon after which they will reside near Philadelphia. Many friends wish them a long life of happiness.

BREAK IN RESERVOIR.

A break in the main reservoir has caused the Smethport Water Co. to issue notices asking patrons to be saving of the supply for a time. Just at present it is not deemed advisable to empty the reservoir to repair the break but this will be done as soon as possible.

It is understood that the company contemplates improvements next year which amount to a practical rebuilding of the system and will go away. It is confidently expected, with all future troubles due to scarcity of water.

LOUIS E. STERRETT HOME

Lieut. Louis E. Sterrett returned to Smethport Friday after two years service with the Co. C, 15th Engineers. Lieut. Sterrett served most of his term of service in France. He did not return with the famous fighting tenth division as he availed himself of a six months' course of study at the University of Bordeaux. He has not yet received his discharge and his visit here was a brief one as he was on his way to Chicago in the line of his duties.

MARRIED SATURDAY

At the M. E. parsonage Saturday afternoon occurred the marriage of Mrs. Emma Rosier and Homer Price, both of Smethport. Rev. Arthur Gregson performed the ceremony.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all friends for the many kindnesses shown during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father.

Mrs. Asa Champlin and family.
adv33w1xx

VALUABLE POTASH DEPOSITS

Excitement has been running high throughout Northern Pennsylvania and especially in Tioga and Potter counties recently over the discovery of what is believed to be large potash deposits near Davis Station, Tioga County. Those discovering the chemical believe there to be millions of dollars worth of it and while many people are skeptical, there is not the least doubt in the world but what the chemical is there, but just what quantities has not been definitely established.

Chemists from all over the country are investigating the find and it is expected that its exact extent will be established within a few days. The only potash found in Pennsylvania heretofore has been found in aluminate with a yield of about seven percent and the rock so scarce as to really not amount to anything. The mass of rock found on a hill in Tioga county is thought to contain ten or twelve percent potash which would make it the potash find of all history for the United States.

The company which owns the hill and several hundred adjacent acres as well selected a name for the enterprise yesterday. It will be known as the American Alkalies Company. There was elected as president of the company, John T. Van Dusen; James McCullough was made vice-president; Simon McCullough, Secretary and Charles W. Reese, Treasurer.

DON'T BLAME YOUR GROCER

There seems to be a disposition on the part of many housewives to blame the local grocer because he is unable to supply needed sugar.

Don't do it. Official assurance has been given that there is enough sugar in the country or in sight to meet the nation's requirements, but the machinery of distribution isn't functioning properly at some point and the local grocer has been unable to secure the quota needed for this community.

The Era can vouch for the fact that local dealers have made determined efforts to secure supplies, not only in the regular markets but elsewhere, without avail. It is believed, however, the shortage will be only temporary and that normal conditions will soon be restored.

There have been reports that wholesalers are hoarding supplies with a view to forcing the retail prices to 15-per cent and the officers of one company in Pittsburgh have been arrested on this charge. If there is any conspiracy of this sort its prompt discovery and punishment seem certain in view of the popular agitation against the high cost of living.

Since prohibition has become more or less effective soft drinks and candy manufacturers have come into the market as buyers of sugar on an unprecedented scale, but this fact does not fully account for the present shortage. There is a screw loose somewhere and its early discovery is certain. When it is supplies will begin to flow into the market more steadily.

In the meantime don't blame your grocer because he can't get the sweetening you desire.
—Bradford Era.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Aug. 4.—Joseph Henry Lorenz of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and Ruth Elizabeth Shofner of Olean, N. Y.

John C. Reed and Ethel Frances Phillips both of Farmers Valley, Pa.

Aug. 5.—Maurice McKenzie of Limestone, N. Y., and Harriet Gertrude Wood of Eldred Twp., Pa.

Aug. 9.—Homer Price and Emma Rosier both of Smethport, Pa.

James Connington of Vineland, N. J. and Hazel C. Green of Smethport.

Clarence A. Buffum of Bradford, Pa., and Elizabeth Buffum of Warsaw, N. Y.

DRAYING AND HAULING

Have purchased the draying business of Alex. Cunningham. I am prepared to do draying, hauling, moving etc. Telephone Pennsylvania and Shawmut stations.
Paul Schoonmaker, Smethport, Pa.
adv33w1

Eleventh year of Warner College, Bradford, Penna., opens Sept. 1. Shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, penmanship, banking, commission, business practice, etc. More positions than can be filled. Call or write and enter now. In session all summer. Special terms to the first ones from Smethport. adv33w1

SHERIFF JONES FRUSTRATED GENERAL JAIL DELIVERY BY PROMPT ACTION

Two Prisoners Climb Air Shaft and Remove Bricks With Tin Tools Made From Tobacco Cans.

What might have proved a wholesale jail delivery was frustrated by the vigilance of Sheriff E. W. Jones Friday morning. Sudden quizziness

and good behavior upon the part of Archie Kettle and Walter Brewer, two prisoners whom heretofore had been bolshewik and bragging that they were going to escape around the sheriff's suspicions and he made an investigation.

In the bath room he found that a radiator that had become rusty with age had been removed and made an opening into an air shaft four feet square which runs to the roof. Twelve feet up this shaft are iron bars and here the sheriff found that bricks had been removed. An opening here would communicate with the attic over the cell room, but all means of exit from the attic are locked or barred, however it would be

possible to break the lock on a door and gain entrance to the living apartments of the sheriff's family. The ventilator where it projected through the roof is strongly barred. The sheriff continued the investigation until the whole affair was revealed to him and it transpired that Kettle and Brewer were the pair that put on the work. They managed to climb the air shaft to the bars and then hanging by one hand, picked the mortar away from the bricks with pieces of tin secured from tobacco cans. They took turns at the work and hoped to make an opening into the attic from which they expected to be able to make a dash for liberty.

Archie Kettle is from Bradford and is accused of having stolen \$50. Walter Brewer is charged with stealing money from the home of Mrs. Orvil Gallup of Colegrove.

FARMER'S PICNIC

The Picnic was held Tuesday, August 5th, by the Pomona Grange Farm Bureau and Dairyman's League and was a real success even though the number was not more than a fourth of what it should have been. The program was rendered in the hall instead of on the picnic grounds.

In spite of the weather conditions, there were 250 persons who were interested in agriculture. It is hoped that each of the 250 can convey some of the thoughts of the speakers and the pleasure of the day to those who were absent. When such a program is prepared, there should be at least 2000 farmers in attendance for such opportunities come once in ten years.

The musical part of the program was cared for as follows, vocal solo by Rev. Stuckhouse of Port Allegany; vocal solo by Miss Cecil Hazen; vocal solo by Miss Clara McCarthy, the Farm Bureau Stenographer and a duet by the two above mentioned ladies.

Mr. Kershaw of the Dairyman's League gave a splendid talk on the "Dairying of the Past and Present" emphasizing the effect of dairying organization and explaining the work and policies of the Dairyman's League.

Prof. Aya Agee, Sec'y of the Agriculture Department of the State of New Jersey, and associate editor of the National Stockman and Farmer gave more good sound advice, along lines than one could get from a dozen average addresses on farming.

Some of the subjects touched upon by the Prof. are: Cheap money (time to pay off all debts and the time to refrain from contracting debts) High priced labor (means more prosperity for farmers since the greater part of the farm income is that of the labor income.) Immigration (to rapid immigration not favored since it is too difficult to Americanize them fast enough.) Present conditions in Europe and the need of some sort of controlling influence similar to a league of Nations.

The above program is one that a farmer ought never to forgive himself for not having heard. The farmer should attend more such meetings than he does.

DR. OSTRANDER AGAIN

Capt. W. A. Ostrander has received his honorable discharge from the United States Medical Corps after two years service and is once again "Dr." Ostrander looking after his large medical practice in this town and vicinity. During the greater part of his term of service Dr. Ostrander was stationed at Camp Dix where his ability and energy won him promotion from Lieutenant to captain and the appointment of a very important position in the camp. His many friends in the county will welcome him back to civil life.

NEW THRESHING MACHINE

Have a New Racine threshing machine and am ready to do good work for farmers.
George Irons, Jr., Smethport, Pa.
adv32w2

DISTRICT DEPUTY HERE

A well attended and enthusiastic meeting of members of Smethport Camp, No. 3422, Modern Woodmen of America was held Tuesday evening, August 12th. J. W. Babcock, District Deputy Head Counsel for the 5th Pennsylvania district, comprising ten counties in Northwestern Pennsylvania, was present by invitation and addressed the members.

Plans were perfected for a systematic vigorous campaign for new members, the object being to double the present membership of Smethport Camp within a few days. The members are very optimistic over the success of the venture and indications are that the desired goal will be easily attained.

The Modern Woodmen of America is the world's largest fraternal insurance society, with a membership of more than one million, eighty thousand members. Many representative men of Smethport are members and loyal to the organization.

Amongst other commendable features, the society owns and maintains one of the largest tuberculosis sanatoriums in the United States exclusively for members, where any unfortunate member, stricken with the white plague may obtain free treatment. The sanatorium is located at Woodmen Colorado, twelve miles from Colorado Springs.

Mr. Babcock makes his headquarters at the Imperial Hotel and will be here for the balance of this week.

OSTRANDER COMES

The marriage of Miss Blanche Ostrander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

George Ostrander of Ceres, N. Y., and David D. Comes, youngest son of M. S. Comes of Marvin Creek, was solemnized at Olean, N. Y., Tuesday, August 12, 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Comes left shortly after the wedding ceremony for an automobile trip to Buffalo and other cities of interest. On their return they will make their home with the groom's father, M. S. Comes.

The MINER unite, with the many friends of this young couple in wishing them a long and happy married life.

THE AUTOMOBILE CROP

is a failure this season in point of production and, many people who contemplated purchasing cars are unable to obtain delivery and are looking for good used cars. We still have three on hand:—1 Studebaker, six cylinder, five passenger touring, 1 Reo six cylinder, seven passenger touring, 1 Premier, six cylinder, seven passenger touring. They are all in good condition, with good tires. Look them over. We are glad to demonstrate.
adv32w1
SMETHPORT GARAGE COMPANY.

WANTED

A few more pupil nurses at the Bradford Hospital for the fall term. Apply to Superintendent for requirements.
32w3.

ARTHUR GEORGE OLMSTED

The MINER thanks the author, Rufus Barrett Stone of Bradford, Pa. a copy of neatly bound biography of the late Arthur George Olmsted, Potter county's famous jurist. A clear and truthful description of the book is taken from the cover:

"It is a book with a life story, carrying with it a hale of history from Cromwell to Lincoln, the story of a citizen who inherited the traits of ancestors who followed the Mayflower, framed the Hartford constitution, fought in the American Revolution, braved the dangers of the frontier: one who threw himself into the Free Soil movement, rallied the Northern Tier of Pennsylvania in defense of the Union, a recognized statesman of the Keystone Commonwealth in the Civil War, a jurist without reproach, an effective leader in the development of the timber, oil and gas resources of Pennsylvania Highlands. It contains a re-statement of the Connecticut title controversy and a new version of its ending, a sketch of the Fair Play Men of the West Branch, a noteworthy discussion of the sources of population in the Northern Tier, and advances a claim for that section as the nursery of four cardinal governmental policies. The Free School System, the Wilmet Provision, the Homestead Law and Corporate Restraint. It is not only an interesting story but also a fresh contribution to the history of the time, to which it relates."

The John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia is publisher of the book.

GAME COMMISSIONER KILLED

Dr. Joseph M. Kalbfus, game commissioner of Pennsylvania and a resident of Harrisburg, and E. E. Kelly, DuBois, were killed Sunday when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by a Pennsylvania railroad passenger train east of Tiona, near Sheffield.

Mr. Kelly was held superintendent of the state game commission. Commissioner Kalbfus and Mr. Kelly had been in western Pennsylvania for several days inspecting land offered as game reserves west of the Allegheny mountains. They spent Friday at Uniontown, Saturday at DuBois and were enroute to inspect a tract near Warren when the fatal accident occurred.

The train, two hours behind time, was running at high speed when it struck the automobile. The accident occurred on a crossing which is obscured by embankments and brush. Dr. Kalbfus was thrown some distance. The body of Mr. Kelly was held on the pilot of the engine until the train stopped.

SPECTACULAR FLOW

Henry Gaar, & Sons No. 5 well, located on Two Mile, three miles south of Olean near the little red school house was shot Thursday afternoon with 100 quarts of nitroglycerine. The flow was spectacular the second section of the derrick being blown off. There was a good gas pressure and a conservative estimate places the well as a 6 or 8 barrel producer. The well is located

1,000 feet from No. 4 and was drilled to a depth of 1,163 feet, the same being encountered at 1,090 feet.

This field was opened in June, 1918, when Carr & Sons drilled No. 1 and is slightly in advance of developments a number of years since on the Bucher farm, one half mile west of this field, where Joseph Galletta, N. Y., drilled in a well which started off at 30 barrels.

Carr & Sons will drill three more wells on their farm and have already located No. 6.

Among those who witnessed the shooting were O. H. Chapin of the Catawagus Farm Bureau and a representative of the Iroquois Gas company of Buffalo. —Bradford Era.

SERIOUS OFFENSE

Walter Swendenjelm was brought to the county jail here Friday charged with a serious crime by a 15-years-old Kane girl. It is alleged that the offense was committed last Sunday after the man had enticed the girl to accompany him to a lonely spot.

Swendenjelm is 30 years old, a widower, his wife having died about a year ago leaving three small children.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Pastor and his family are spending a short vacation at Harrisburg, Pa. He will return for the 24th, when he will occupy the pulpit. Next Sunday Rev. W. H. Edmunds, of Crosby, will preach. Sunday for Chaplin, where they expect to make their future home.

BRADFORD DEFEATED LAST SUNDAY

Good Pitching of Bob Hull and Batting of Chas. McGowan Features of the Game.

Smethport defeated the Woodmen team of Bradford at Kane Field last Sunday in a game that kept the crowd of spectators on edge until the final half of the seventh inning when Smethport by timely hitting and general good ball playing scored six runs making the final score 6 and 2.

Bob Hull pitched a fine game for Smethport, the visitors being unable to bother him after the first inning when they scored their two runs. Keane, the one armed player, pitched for Bradford and with the exception of the seventh inning was very effective. Each team has now won a game and the next contest is awaited with eagerness.

The batting of Charles McGowan, Smethport's first baseman was a leading feature of the game.

Smethport has won six of the seven games played, having met defeat only at the hands of Bradford. The team seems to improve every week and the interest in the games is also increasing as may be judged by the size and enthusiasm of the crowds.

Next Sunday the strong team from Lewis Run will be Smethport's opponent. This team has defeated various Bradford teams including the Woodmen and will make the local player, step lively to win. An effort will be made to secure the Smethport Allied Band for a concert Sunday and an interesting afternoon is promised. Game starts at 3:30.

The Smethport team will play two games at Franklinville, N. Y., Lab or Day, Sept. 1.

LIEUT. J. D. HOGARTH

Lieut. J. D. Hogarth is home after two years service in the Engineers Corps of the army. He was connected with the Second division and consequently participated in some of the most severe engagements encountered by the American army. After the armistice he was sent into Germany and remained there for several months prior to sailing for this country. Lieut. Hogarth has received his honorable discharge and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, in his old home town.

ALBERT H. MAYO DEAD

Report comes here of the death of Albert H. Mayo, at Washington, Pa. Particulars are lacking. Deceased was formerly postmaster here and identified with the business interests of Eldred for years. He was a veteran and had many friends who will grieve to learn his death. —Eldred Eagle.

NAVY RECRUITING OFFICER

Sam Hornstein, navy recruiting officer of the Olean recruiting station will visit Smethport, Wednesday, August 20, and will make his headquarters at the postoffice. Men between the ages of 17 and 35 years who are contemplating joining the navy should make it a point to see this officer.

ATTENTION SERVICE MEN

All service men of the army, navy and marine corps are notified that a meeting of Bucktail Post, No. 138, American Legion, will be held at the home house, tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.

SAVE MANY DOLLARS

by buying now before the big stock at the Risset Shop is sold out. Ladies' and childrens furnishings, novelties goods of many kinds, fancy articles—everything at greatly reduced prices. Buy now, before the bargains are all gone.
adv33w1

MARY L. RIBETT.

FOR SALE

Dark brown horse, weight 1100, age 9 years. Good driving horse. Price reasonable. Inquire of Delano W. Comes, 3 Milton avenue, Smethport.
adv33w1

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe left Edmunds, of Crosby, will preach. Sunday for Chaplin, where they expect to make their future home.



United States Tires are Good Tires

The Real Thing Right Through

Put United States Tires under your car and you'll find them the real thing.

They're built to wear—to give you the kind of economical service you want. And that's just what they do.

Hundreds of thousands of regular users will vouch for that—lots of them right around here.

There are five distinct types of United States Tires—one for every need of price or use.

We have *exactly* the ones for your car.

We know United States Tires are good tires. That's why we sell them.

James Quirk & Sons
SMETHPORT, PA.

J. F. Armstrong
NORWICH, PA.

MT. JEWETT

Mrs. F. F. Willman, one of Mt. Jewett's highly respected women, died at the Kane hospital Kane, Pa., Friday August 1st of typhoid pneumonia, from which trouble she has suffered for the past six weeks. Mrs. Willman (nee Anna A. Malmstrom) was born at Kane Pa., and was 35 years, 3 months and 29 days old at her death. She was united with Mr. F. F. Willman in 1903, and with him had been a resident of Mt. Jewett for the past 14 years. They were blessed with two boys, Howard and Raymond. Besides her husband and two children who survive her are three sisters and four brothers: Mrs. Alfred Carlson, Mrs. J. A. Willman, Mrs. Carl Bengtson, Oscar, Albert, Victor and Charles all of Kane. Funeral services were held at Kane Monday. Rev. F. M. Hall of Kane and Rev. C. B. Livingston of Mt. Jewett officiating, after which the remains were taken to Forest Lawn cemetery, Kane, for interment. Thirty some people were in attendance at the funeral service from Mt. Jewett. The following acted as pall bearers: O. S. Gahagan, A. A. Mitchell, G. L. Harpst, A. L. Engstrom, Arthur Hook and Hattie Adair, all of Mt. Jewett. Mr. Willman and children have the sympathy of the Herald and people of Mt. Jewett in their bereavement.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James McQuowan on July 24th, a boy.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Enle, Wednesday, Aug. 7, a boy.

Colin D. Campbell of Chicago, en route to New York, arrived in town this week and is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. L. F. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell and her granddaughter, Maxine Chapman will accompany him to various points in New York state.

Following are a number of Mt. Jewett women, who attended the funeral of Mrs. F. F. Willman at Kane, Monday: Mesdames A. P. Humez, Nester Lanthier, Porter Smith, Fred Brock, Adolph Lantz, O. S. Gahagan, W. J. Patterson, Harry Riggles and G. L. Harpst.

Mrs. C. W. Oberg returned Wednesday from Buffalo where she spent some time at a private sanitarium for treatment. She is reported as progressing very nicely.—Herald.

PORT ALLEGANY

Milford Irons, of Sergeant, one of the foreman at the Sergeant Glass company plant, had his right leg fractured just above the ankle Friday forenoon while working above a Lehr with three other men. The men were making an adjustment of the machinery when a large, heavy rod gave way and struck Irons on the leg. The other men escaped injury by jumping out of the way. The unfortunate young man was brought to the hospital shortly after the accident to have the fracture reduced but on account of the swollen condition of the foot and leg the operation will be delayed.

The Canoe Place Chapter of the D. A. R. are in receipt of a gift of over eight dollars from the Priscilla Club with which to purchase yarn for knitting stump socks for our disabled soldiers. These socks are sent to the hospitals where they are supplied to soldiers losing limbs as they are discharged there from. The Chapter greatly appreciates this welcome gift and wishes to thank the Priscilla Club for its timely assistance.

Mrs. W. J. Hall, Mrs. H. F. Grabe and Mrs. D. S. Helmer motored to Smethport on Friday and attended the funeral of Mrs. William Ciochier of Buffalo. She was formerly a classmate and bridesmaid of Mrs. Hall.

Robert Hamilton, Merle Provin, William Howe, John Malcolm, Hamlin Burdick, Ed Lindholm and Morton Bell of Smethport were in town on Monday evening.

There is considerable sentiment about town in favor of holding a Welcome Home Celebration for our soldiers and sailors on September 1st which is Labor Day.

Mrs. Laura Funcheon went to Farmers Valley last week Wednesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Emmet Ovaatt. She returned Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Retzer were called to Wilcox the first of the week on account of the death of Mr. Retzer's brother at that place. The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Pearson was given a surprise party by her neighbors and friends. Dinner was served at noon. There were about thirty five present. All report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark and daughter Mrs. Russell Todd were in Coudersport Sunday to attend the funeral of their relative, Mr. Bitler.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hellmer, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Helmer and Doris motored to Rew City on Saturday to attend the Yerdon reunion which was held in honor of the return of Archie Yerdon from France on Friday last. About seventy relatives were present to greet the young patriot who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Yerdon of Bradford.

—Reporter-Argus

EAST SMETHPORT

Enjoyable Surprise Party—Married People Dance—News Notes

Miss Beatrice Richardson of Erie is a guest of Mrs. McAdon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Douglass, son Lynus and Mrs. Huling will leave Thursday for an extended visit at Indiana, Pa.

Mrs. E. G. Peterson of Olean was the guest of her parents last week.

About fifty young people tendered the Misses Helen and Mary Mather with a surprise party Tuesday evening. All report an enjoyable time.

A. O. Hyde and B. L. Hyde were Olean visitors, Tuesday.

John Baker of Ridgeway is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Crawford.

Mrs. Fred Kautz was a guest of friends in Farmers Valley Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Stull of Syracuse are guests of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Burg Pierce.

Mrs. Lon Abbey is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Claude Green of Norwich.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Washburn and son Lawrence were guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Nourse, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis motored to Ellmore Sunday returning Monday.

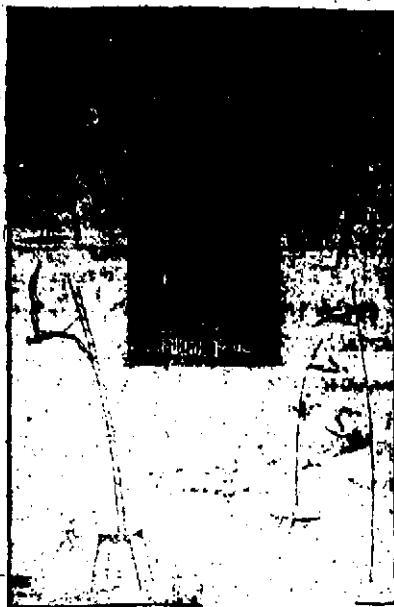
Mrs. Arthur Thamm of Bradford was a Sunday guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abber.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Farmers Valley were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickinson.

Bradford was defeated in the baseball game held at the Fairgrounds, Sunday.

The first married people's dance of the season was held at Galco Park, Friday evening.

Miss Bertha Klefsath is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Vossler in Olean.



"THE THREE ALEX"

The "Three Alex" is one of the most dangerous perch acts in the world while his two brothers work country. They are the originators with him, performing the most of such startling evolutions on the ladder and poles that the audience is always amazed by their interesting performances. Imagine a flexible pole in mid air, with two performers, one hanging by his feet and the other balancing on his neck. Mr. Alex, the manager of the act, works on an unsupported ladder which is balanced on a small high

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD
Seth Young, one of Kane's oldest residents, had the pleasure Monday of celebrating his 100th birthday anniversary.

During his childhood, Mr. Young was a native of the South. When the Civil War was declared he ran away and joined the northern troops, after which he became a body servant of General Thomas L. Kane.

In 1863 he came here with General Kane and in 1865 he moved his family to Kane from Essex county, Virginia, and since then has resided in this city a period of 36 years.

During this time Mr. Young was employed by the P. R. R. as a wood cutter for the engines; later he worked for Griffith's mill, hauling and cutting timber. His last work was conducting a barber shop after which he retired in 1892.

Mr. Young is the father of nine children, three of them having died, leaving six children to rejoice at their father's anniversary, as follows: Mrs. Van and Marie, Edward, Henry and Grant, of this city and Tom Young of Smethport.

Mr. Young is reported as being in the best of health, although not able to be around. Besides being able to see and hear very well, his memory is very remarkable.

Mr. Young is extended the most hearty congratulations by his many friends and it is hoped that he will see many more anniversaries roll around.—Kane Republican.

MILLINERY FOR ALL

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offering or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desire in the line of reasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK, adlvit.

FOR SALE

TEN-ROOM HOUSE at 604 East Main St. SMETHPORT, PA.

Large lot, bath, gas, city water, lathed and plastered, cement walks, fine stone cellar, apple cherry and plum trees, large barn, fine shade trees. Owner will sacrifice on account of having to leave town.

PRICE \$2000; \$1000 cash, balance on easy terms

READ THIS LIST THEN BUY A HOME

House and Lot, E. Smethport	\$1000
Eight Rooms	
House and Lot, Willow St.	\$800
House and Lot, Water St.	\$750
House and Lot, E. Smethport	\$1100
House, Lot and Barn	\$1000
3 1-2 acres land outside borough limits	
\$350 cash, balance time	
Fine House, 2 Lots, Water St.	\$1800
Eight-Room House, Willow St.	\$2000
Old Commercial Hotel Property	\$2000

BUILDING LOTS

Church, State, Green Sts.	\$125 up
Fine Building Lot, E. Main St.	\$250
Cor. Main and Allegany Sts., 88x158 ft.	\$400
Willow St. Lot	\$65

FARMS FOR SALE

Fifty-Acres Farm	\$600
One Hundred Thirty-Five Acres, 2 miles from town, one of finest in county, terms to suit buyer	\$6750
Forty-Nine Acres, state road, 3 miles from town. Cash	\$3000
Seventy-Two Acres, 1-2 mile from Clermont. All mineral rights, complete farm equipment, \$500 cash, balance time	\$2500

M. S. GEARY

REAL ESTATE AGENCY

SMETHPORT, PA.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimmidiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joyous jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! *Without a comeback!* Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smokel

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

McKean County Miner

Thursday, Aug. 11, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

The Misses Mary and Helen Anderson spent Saturday in Olean.

Miss Sarah Connolly and Miss Beva Ford were Olean visitors Saturday.

Miss Ellen Anderson and Miss Elsie Shover were Olean visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Shultz and Mrs. Bernard Ball spent Saturday with friends in Olean.

Mrs. J. B. Roeder of Farmers Valley was a Smethport visitor Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Frances of Davis were Smethport visitors last Thursday evening.

R. A. Moser of Eldred was a Smethport visitor Friday and was a caller at this office.

Wm. McCammon of Olean, N. Y., was a Smethport business visitor last week Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Roeder are the parents of a daughter, born at the Bradford hospital July 23, 1919.

Miss Elizabeth Hewett of New York city is visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Proctor of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick this week.

P. D. Hamlin of Chicago, Ill., has been a guest at the home of his mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin for the past week.

A number of young ladies gave a wolver roast at Clarinet Springs Thursday evening. A very enjoyable evening was the result.

The Misses Mary and Helen Anderson returned last Thursday evening from a week's visit with their sister, Mrs. James Frances at Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cather of Cincinnati, Ohio, arrived in town Saturday for a visit with Mrs. Cather's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Kane Field is again being placed in shape for baseball purposes. It is understood that the boy scouts will use this ground for their future games.

Activities on the new roads in the eastern end of the borough attract many sightseers, who are interested in watching steam shovel, mixer and rollers at work.

Mrs. J. B. Roeder and daughter, Miss Rita Roeder, of Farmers Valley, left Friday for Oberlin, Ohio, where Miss Rita will enter Oberlin College.

Mrs. Roeder and daughter will make their home in that city while Miss Roeder attends college. Miss Winifred Roeder accompanied her mother and sister to Oberlin and will remain there for a week before leaving for Yashou, West China, where she will resume missionary work. This will be her third trip to China.

Miss Genevieve Kelly left Friday for an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Delaney at Akron, Ohio. She was accompanied as far as Salamanca by her brother, Charles Kelly.

The Smethport Allied Band gave a concert Saturday evening at the corner of Main and Fulton street. Weather permitting these concerts will be regular Saturday night features.

Because of the breakdown of an automobile in which they were traveling the baseball play is from Davis were unable to reach Smethport Thursday night in time to play the advertised twilight game.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Servatius of Bradford were in town Sunday last and "Bike" was an interested spectator at the ball game. He is an ex-professional player who started his baseball career in Smethport, where he formerly resided.

S. King of Port Allegany, a popular candidate for county commissioner was in town Friday last. Mr. King instead of using the usual candidate's cards was passing out lead pencils to his friends with his name and announcement printed thereon.

Because of the high rate of exchange banks in the county are discounting Canadian money eight per cent. The position of Canadian exchange is similar to that of England, France, Italy and other countries and is brought about by balance of trade in favor of the United States. In other words these countries are buying more goods from us than they can pay for and their obligations to this country can only be liquidated by extending their credit something for international banking houses to arrange. Business places in general in Smethport are refusing to accept Canadian money at its face value. No doubt conditions will so arrange themselves during the next year that the money from across the line will again be accepted at par.

Luigi Furari, an Italian was shot and killed near Vandala, N. Y., Friday by Arturo Stampini, who accused Furari of trying to steal his wife. It now transpires that Furari was really the woman's husband. Stampini and the woman took out a marriage license in 1913 and through ignorance never had a marriage ceremony performed, considering the license all that was necessary to make them man and wife. Furari appeared on the scene, became acquainted with the facts concerning the lack of legal ceremony, induced the woman to run away with him and they were married. Later the woman returned to Stampini by whom she has two children. Again Furari appeared upon the scene and the quarrel which resulted in his death occurred. Stampini is in the Little Valley jail.

FOURTEEN MORE POINTS

Francis J. Finerman, president of the Democratic club of Massachusetts, has forwarded to Homer Cummings, chairman of the national Democratic committee, a new set of fourteen points in which President Wilson is bitterly attacked as having wrecked the party. The communication, signed by Finerman and a score of Democratic senators and representatives.

Point one attacks the appointment of incompetent men, naming Baker, Burleson and Garfield. Point two charges him with leaving the country to campaign through Europe. Point three says he is trying to force America to adopt an English League of Nations. Point four reminds him of his idle promises about free nations at Mount Vernon. Point five attacks him for promoting internationalism. Point six condemns his sending Yankees into Russia, a country with which we were not at war. Point seven scorns his Mexican policy and the toleration of the murder of 300 Americans. Point eight says he refused the request of congress to take up Ireland's case at the peace table. Point nine charges him with partisanship for the south. Point ten attacks his signing of the war time prohibition act after the armistice. Point 11 attacks his policy of rehabilitating bankrupt Europe at the expense of impoverished America. Point 12 attacks his forcing of Pan-America free-tolls. Point 13 accuses him of disregarding the rights of southern negroes to vote. Point 14 charges him with helping to boost prices in America by shipping vast amounts of goods to Europe.

BUSH HILL

Miss Julia Fay who has been attending Summer School at Lock Haven has returned to her home.

The Misses Nellie and Margaret Smith attended the Grange Picnic in Turtlet Point Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Coleman and daughter Currie of Wrights, Pa., spent a few days with the latter's sister, Mrs. Henry Reynolds.

Miss Agnes Marsh of Betula is visiting Mrs. Marie Hooley.

Miss Margaret Smith who has been visiting her parents has returned to her work in Olean, N. Y.

Messrs. Lawrence and Frank Hooley spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. Mary Hooley.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Cleveland and Edith Cory were Smethport shoppers Saturday.

Misses Marie Smith and Anna Gillen were in Smethport Saturday having some dental work done.

BIG SALE ON NOW

Ladies and children's furnishings, novelties, etc., at greatly reduced prices. Closing out sale. adv33w1

MARY L. DISSETT.

SOME REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BE A WOODMAN

The Modern Woodmen of America is the largest fraternal beneficial society in the world. It is 36 years of age and never defaulted on a just claim.

Insurance is in full force immediately. Rates are low with small monthly payments. Free treatment at the largest tuberculosis sanatorium in the United States, maintained exclusively for members.

Every member has a voice in the making of the laws.

A Referendum vote in the rate question. Rates cannot be increased without the member's consent. Old age benefits at age seventy and numerous other features.

Biggest and Best
Reduced Joining Fees For Three Days Only

INQUIRE OF
J. W. BABCOCK,
DISTRICT DEPUTY — At Imperial Hotel

WANTED

Boys sixteen years of age and over to work in bottle house under the best of working conditions, starting August 15th.

Address the
PIERCE GLASS COMPANY,
Port Allegany, Penna.

FOR SALE

A Chalmers Coupe in good as new condition; has run only 3000 miles. Equipped with Bumper, spotlight, Hartford Shock absorbers, spare tire etc. Immediate delivery.

INQUIRE
NICOLAS STUDIO,
KANE, PA.

FOR SALE

One of the best building lots in Smethport is offered for sale at a reasonable price. Located at the corner of East Main and Pike streets. Plenty large enough for good-size dwelling. For additional particulars write, call or phone

MRS. H. L. BACKUS PHONE 47R SMETHPORT, PA.

For the LATEST SHEET MUSIC;
For the Available Latest VICTOR RECORDS;
For the Available VICTROLAS;
Call on:- Burdicks Music Store — Smethport, Pa.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THAT WIND STORM INSURANCE:
Rates very reasonable.
WE WRITE EVERY KIND OF INSURANCE

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

JONTEEL
The new \$100,000 odor
TALC—FACE POWDER
Cold Cream and
Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE MAXALL STORE)

CHOICE CANDY
AND
BAKED GOODS
AT
BRASTED'S
Bakery

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It runs in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

Its pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.
Smethport, Pa.

Walk a Little Further
or shop by phone and
Save Money

Best Groceries
staple - fancy

W. C. Daly
Mechanic & Mill
streets
Phone 92J

You are worth what you have saved

BUY W.S.S.

DO YOU KNOW
that saving three nickels a day with interest will come to \$1500 in about 15 years. Put your nickels in Thrift and War Saving Stamps. Your postmaster sells them.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport, Pa., as second class matter.

HARRY E. BACKUS
Owner

ROSS K. KNAPP
Editor and Manager

Advertising rates: 15 cents per line for display advertising. Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. Card of Thanks \$1.00 each payable in advance.
Legal advertising 7 1/2 cents per line.

Address: McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

Thursday, Aug. 14, 1919.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**COUNTY TREASURER**

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

EUGENE McCANN
Bradford, Pa., May 3, 1919.

SHERIFF OF McKEAN COUNTY

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

O. C. CHOATE
Smethport, Pa., May 13, 1919.

SHERIFF OF McKEAN COUNTY

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

JOSEPH F. ROBINSON
Bradford, Pa., July 22, 1919.

RECORDER OF DEEDS

Editor of Miner:
Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on September 16, 1919.

A. R. ANDERSON, Clermont, Pa.
May 3, 1919.

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS COURT

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held September 16, 1919.

JOHN R. EASTMAN
Smethport, Pa., May 19, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate to succeed myself as County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

O. S. GARDNER
Mt. Jewett, Pa., May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

A. J. BOND
Bradford, Pa., May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

E. W. JONES
Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, Tuesday Sept. 16, 1919.

FRANK POTTER
Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries on Sept. 16, 1919.

CHAS. LUNDEN
Mt. Jewett, Pa., May 6, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

W. H. HALPERN
Smethport, Pa., May 13, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

WILLIAM BOVARD, Jr.
Bradford, Pa., May 30, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

C. G. KING
Fort Allegany, Pa., July 5, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, September 16.

THOMAS H. CLARK, SR.
Smethport, July 30, 1919.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Editor Miner:
Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 16, 1919.

A. A. ABBEY
Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1919.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Editor Miner:
Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries September 16, 1919.

E. G. POTTER
Smethport, Pa., August 12, 1919.

Attention is called to the announcement of E. G. Potter as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries. The Miner will have more to say regarding Mr. Potter's candidacy in future issues.

A candidate who deserves strong support from Republican voters is C. C. Choate, candidate for the nomination of sheriff. He is thoroughly familiar with the exacting duties of that office and in every position that he has filled has given the very best of satisfaction. This ability and the conscientious manner in which he attends to his duties is commended by many people and will turn many votes his way at the primaries, September 16.

Thomas Clark, Sr., of Smethport is a candidate for the nomination of county commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries, September 16th. Mr. Clark is a popular and capable man, recently acting postmaster of Smethport borough, and was an accommodating and painstaking official. From all indications at the present time, there will be one Democrat elected on the board of county commissioners and the MINER can think of no other member of that party who would rather see chosen than Mr. Clark. He is going to work hard to land the nomination and election and this paper hopes he will be successful.

J. B. Eastman, candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans Court, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 16, is a man well and favorably known to almost every man, woman and child in the county. He is the present incumbent of that office and his important duties are always attended to in a faultless manner. He is thoroughly reliable and conscientious official, and people familiar with the business of his office realize his absolute devotion to its duties and the value of such a man conducting the affairs, as it is an office that demands absolute accuracy. The MINER is of the opinion that the voters of the county will make no mistake in continuing Mr. Eastman as Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans Court and from present indications that seems to be their intention.

The Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington Headquarters:

Do you want the United States to endorse the notes of Europe, to underwrite an insurance policy on the integrity of each state on that continent and to guarantee the political independence of each group of people to that distracted part of the world who call themselves a nation? If you feel that America should not assume such stupendous obligations, with no balancing benefits whatever accruing to ourselves, then you must condemn the league of nations which seeks to create for us that identical situation.

"Do you realize that Europe is practically no bigger than the United States? Our country, exclusive

of the Philippines and other island possessions, comprises 3,617,673 square miles. Europe's area is 3,763,210 square miles. The United States has one undivided government. Europe before the war was distributed among twenty-four separate and distinct governments, and since the redrawing of the map by the Paris conference that number has been increased by several. Do you want this great independent Republic to undertake the guardianship of those comparatively poor nations of the old world? Many of the smaller and newer of those countries would not exist a moment without the protecting influence of a great nation like ourselves. But are you willing to lead the might of the American Republic and permit its strength to be sapped, to maintain miserable little aggregations of humanity, arbitrarily set up by a handful of autocratic diplomats at Paris, and now masquerading as full-fledged nations?"

"Yet, that is precisely what Mr. Wilson would have us do through the instrumentality of his League covenant. Here are the very words which he hopes to accomplish his sinister purpose; Article X of the league: 'The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league.' Four-fifths of the countries of Europe will be members of the league at once, and the remainder doubtless will be admitted within a short time. The phrase 'national debts' might as well have been inserted in Article X, for when its territory and independence are guaranteed a country will be relieved of its greatest anxiety and will have little difficulty in meeting its financial obligations."

"We hear a lot of talk about the necessity of self-determination of races as to the form of government that they shall have. That is a pet cry of Mr. Wilson himself, and we are told it has been the controlling factor in settling the boundaries of European states. But the fact is that the population of the United States is almost as mixed as the entire population of Europe. For instance, Chicago is said to be the greatest German city in the world, for it has more Germans in its population than Berlin. The members of other nationalities form as large or larger a proportion of our total population as they do of the total population of Europe. Yet we hear nothing of self-determination in the United States, and the consequent splitting up of our territories into twenty or thirty little nations that would be continually quarrelling with one another. The reason is that people whole, contributing to the feared rulers? Think it over. Is not our form of government permits the absorption of all races into a composite whole, contributing to the happiness of all. Because Europe has followed the opposite course and thereby has brought almost continuous war upon herself in the past is any reason why America should be penalized and made to share the results of the far-sighted wisdom of the fathers of the country with the people of Europe who have allowed themselves to be guided by self-centered rulers? Think it over. Is not Americanism with peace preferable to internationalism with war?"

UNCLE TED

Uncle Ted Returns from Washington
D. C.

Jack and Ruth had waited many days for the return of their Uncle Ted from Washington where he had been stationed since arriving in the United States from France and the Great War. They had only seen him for a few minutes when he landed from a great boat in New York City. There were hundreds of people there that day and Jack and Ruth who had never seen New York before, saw buildings "as tall as mountains and boats bigger than the biggest elephants ever." And then they had to go right back home because Uncle Ted was still a soldier in the American army and under orders which took him to Washington.

But now he was no longer a soldier and was coming home, so Jack and Ruth hoped, for a long time. They were at the window with their noses pressed tightly against the pane. Mother came into the room and whispered, "Uncle Ted is home!" Jack and Ruth ran for the door and such a welcome home as they gave their Uncle Ted. Jack jumped upon his back and with Ruth pulling at Uncle's coat, he made his way into the old front room where, before he went to war, he had told the children all kinds of fairy stories until the landman called them to bed. But Jack had grown up during the war. He was quite a little man now and was anxious to know all about what was going on in the world. Uncle Ted was his hero and from Uncle Ted he must learn all about what the world is doing now that the war is over and people everywhere are thinking of peace.

And the big men in Washington who make laws! Jack wanted to know right away what they are doing about the Peace Treaty which all the nations must sign and agree to before peace really exists.

"Uncle Ted," asked Jack after they were all seated, Jack on the hero's lap and Ruth at their feet, "why is the Senate in Washington taking so long to agree to the Peace Treaty? Germany has agreed and most all other nations, so Daddy tells me."

"There are many reasons, Jack," answered Uncle Ted. "First of all, not a moment without the treaty in France as our representative, the treaty contained an agreement for a league of nations. This league of nations is, of course, still a part of the treaty. I haven't time tonight to tell you all about it. Just this much, though. If the United States agree to the treaty with this plan to bring all the nations of the world together in a sort of a club it will mean that the United States will have to help fight the wars of many other countries."

"You mean," asked Jack, "that if Germany should fight England again, you would have to go back and fight whether you wanted to or not?"

"Not just that, Jack. I might or might not have to go but many American boys would have to go and many might be killed just because we had agreed to assist through his club plan for the many countries. For that reason many of the big Senators in Washington refuse to aid in the forming of this club."

They say that George Washington the Father of His Country, warned us not to form clubs with countries across the sea, because it would get the United States into a lot of trouble. They also say that if we join this world club, we shall lose our independence which you know from school history our forefathers gave up their lives to obtain in 1776 from England. We would be governed so far as our relations with other countries, by a body of men representing the countries in this club and our Government would have to agree to do whatever these men decided. When the men representing each country in this club meet to decide matters, each country would have one vote. Every member of this club would have to agree to whatever was decided. The United States would get one vote. Belgium would get one vote, but England would get six votes. One for England herself, one for Canada, one for South Africa, one for New Zealand, and one for India."

"Why, Uncle Ted," said Jack, "if we only get one vote, what is the difference? Canada and Australia are far away from England?"

"It is just what I want to explain to you. These other countries, such as Canada and Australia which I counted in as making the six votes for England are all colonies of England just like Alaska and the Philippine Islands are part of the United States. When it came time to vote, they would all vote with their Mother or country and in that way they could, by their votes, make the United States share their troubles and wars whether the United States wanted to or not."

"Wouldn't that be a bad thing for the United States?" spoke up Ruth.

"It would be a very bad thing for the United States to join this league or world club, and that is why, Jack, the big Senators in Washington are refusing to help make the United States join no matter what it means to us but the Senate must decide because our laws say so, and most all the Senators say that we will not join this club and send our soldiers all over the world to risk their lives fighting the battles for other people. Now it is bed-time and I am tired from my trip. Next week I shall tell you about another reason why the Senate does not like the peace treaty which our President signed in France. It is all about China and sounds like a fairy tale with a big dragon and everything."

HAVE TO HURRY

to take advantage of the remarkable bargains at the Bisett Shop. Entire stock being sold at greatly reduced prices.

MARY L. BISETT.

**LADIES**

We have an unequalled line of ladies shoes for spring wear. If you have not already looked over the styles come in.

Shoes for the Whole Family here
WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

CANNING SEASON IS HERE

Why not come to our store for Jars, Jelly Glasses and Rubbers.

Best E. Z. Jars at the following prices:

Quarts \$1.05 Per Doz.
Pints .95

We have the old fashioned Salt Rising Bread like Mother used to make — fresh every day.

Don't forget our low prices on Men's and Ladies Shoes and Boots.

Phone or write in your order if we don't have time to call 'on you.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER.

SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H. SASSE

Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

Now Is The Time

Backward Children should be given the greatest advantage possible. Have their eyes examined before school starts and find if this is the cause of their backwardness.

Examination Free

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Examination by Appointment

Phone 107 R

Dr. J. M. Wiant, Optometrist.

Pure Hawaiian Pineapple

Juice and Fruit.

Tim Pine

a glass of Tim Pine fine before bed-time or any other time.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

The Miner \$2 per year

SCHOOL DAYS

will soon be here

Last year we bought heavily of good, boys and girls shoes and are prepared to sell the best shoes that any one can, and at prices at least in many cases \$1.00 cheaper than the new fall goods will be and better. Come in and be convinced.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Mason Brothers Co.
THE DEPENDABLE STORE SINCE 1882

All Refrigerators Must Go at Little Prices

Here is your chance to save a snug little sum on a Refrigerator. Use it the rest of the season and have it ready for next season and at a price that means a big saving to you.

\$40.00 White Enameled Refrigerator	\$34.25
35.00 " " "	30.50
32.00 " " "	28.00
19.00 " " "	16.50

Any one of these Refrigerators will give you service and satisfaction.

"The Corner Hardware"

B. T. GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Thursday, Aug. 14, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Edward Hornstein spent Sunday with friends in Olean, N. Y.

Antonio Mancuso moved his family to Buffalo Monday.

Charles Shultz was a Salamat N. Y. visitor Saturday.

Wiant's advertisements are interesting. Read them today.

New advertisement for the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. today.

Miss Blydie Monheimer and Miss Dorothy Hogarth were visitors in Kane Sunday.

Garlick's hardware advertisement contains some interesting prices.

Captain E. V. Chadwick and Harry Rubin were Bradford visitors Friday.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Benjamin and Ora Brooks of Olean, N. Y., were week end guests of Miss Margaret Fry.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was called at this office Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ostrander of Albany, N. Y., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Merle Backus.

Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., Bradford's distinguished citizen, celebrated his 80th birthday Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin of Huntington, W. Va., are visiting Mrs. Corwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner and other relatives in this place.

Jack Burnett of Niagara Falls is visiting at the home of Lewis Thomas.

Mrs. O. J. Burdick of Marvin Creek visited her son, L. S. Burdick of Hilton avenue Sunday.

Attorney and Mrs. C. W. Shattuck were visitors in Bradford and Pittsburgh last week.

Mrs. Kepler and two children of Reno are visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Burdick of Marvin Creek.

Cecil Metzgar and Alfred Sturdevant were Chautauqua Lake visitors Sunday.

Miss Edith Larson returned Saturday from Grove City where she attended Summer School.

The members of the Argonaut Club enjoyed a welner roast at Clearmont Springs Friday evening.

A party of young people from Burbanks enjoyed a picnic at Devil's Den Sunday.

Ed Lindholm went to Jamestown Sunday and was a guest of friends until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker and Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup returned to their home in Bradford Sunday evening.

Mrs. Kate Kidder returned home Sunday from a few weeks visit with relatives and friends in Bolivar, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Bosworth will entertain the Auction Bridge club at her home on West Main street Friday.

Miss Mayme Colegrove and Miss Hattie Walker returned Saturday evening from a weeks visit at Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. Curt Withrow returned Saturday from Clermont where she had been a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dumphon for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Anderson are visiting in Niagara Falls.

Olive Thomas has returned from a visit to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mrs. Beckman of Olean, N. Y., was a guest of Mrs. Ed Larson on Willow street.

Mrs. Leon D. Valentine is visiting her sister, Mrs. Elmer Dodge of Keystown this week.

Remember the dance at the Lyceum tomorrow night. Quirk's orchestra. Admission 75 cents.

J. W. Babcock of Bradford, district deputy of the Modern Woodmen of America, is in town this week.

Mrs. Kate Palmer of Plainfield, N. J., is a guest at the home of her brother-in-law, W. R. Palmer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Curtis were guests of relatives and friends in Fillmore, N. Y., Sunday, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, sons William and Harold, of Jersey City are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Taylor and family.

The Modern Woodmen of America advertise some reasons in this week's issue why men should join that organization.

Miss Viola Badger, Miss Marie O'Brien and Miss Elsie Shorer leave today for a weeks visit at Cleveland Ohio and Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Earl Gallup entertained the members of the Grub Club Friday evening with a covered dish party at her home on Bank street.

Mrs. Sidney A. Burdick, Mrs. Frank Potter and Miss Potter entertained a party of ladies at Galco yesterday at a one o'clock luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly motored to Kane Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brennehan.

Bernard, Jr. and Edward Garlick returned yesterday from a weeks visit with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Garlick at Kanon.

Edna Mae and Irma Hopper, who have been visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas, returned to their home in Port Allegany Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Frost and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Dell of Huntington, W. Va., are expected here this week for a short visit with the former's mother, Mrs. Chas. Milroy.

Local tennis players who are interested in the tournament to be held at Grove City, commencing August 18, can obtain full information and entry blank by calling at this office.

Miss Carrie A. Day returned home last week from Spy Lake, N. Y., where she has been a guest of Mrs. R. K. Keyster and family at Camp Irondequoit for a month.

Mrs. A. H. Pierce returned on Monday from Allegany, N. Y., where she had been the guest of friends for several days. She was accompanied home by Miss Margaret Jones, who will remain with her a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Denning, son, Gerald, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Quirk and Ted Backus went to Stow on Chautauqua Lake Sunday in the Denning car. Mr. Denning returned Monday and the rest of the party will stay a week.

Mrs. James A. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hubbard, Miss Margaret Hubbard and Julia Katherine and John Hubbard left Tuesday in the McKean car for Crossingsville where they will visit relatives and friends until next week.

On Friday, August 23, an expert automobile tire man will be at Marner's hardware. Motorists can gain much valuable information in regard to the conservation of tires by visiting the store on that occasion. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bright, sons Harold and Gordon, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Gleason for the past ten days left yesterday for Chautauqua, N. Y., where they will spend a few days before returning to their home in Warren, Ohio.

Porter L. Benson, managing editor of the Kane Republican, died at the Kane hospital Sunday night, after a lingering illness of years duration. He was incapacitated only two weeks but had been in poor health for the past ten years. He was 32 years of age and leaves a wife, Mr. Benson was a talented newspaper man and popular with all who knew him. His death is sincerely mourned.

Miss Mildred Mayo of this place, Margaret Golpin of Pittsburgh, William Willette of Johnstown and Thomas Filer of Aspen, students and alumni of the school for blind at Pittsburgh gave a very interesting musical at the Baptist church Monday night that was largely attended. These young people are most skillful entertainers and will give concerts in several nearby towns. No admission was charged here but a collection amounting to \$40 was taken. The money is for the use of the Pittsburgh Institute.

Baseball at the fair grounds, Sunday, Lewis Run vs Smethport.

Mrs. Burdette Hall was over over from Kane a few days last week a guest of her sons, Charles and William Hall and families.

Reports from Camp Eustis, Va., say that Miss Vera Freeman who was badly injured last week by being thrown from a horse is slowly improving.

CHANGE OF LOCATION
Next week Sidney Burdick will move his goods from the Clark block, where he has conducted a music and insurance business for a number of years to the Holder block, where he will occupy the store room vacated by the Smethport Candy Kitchen. This change is made to give The Fry Company more room in the Clark Block. It is understood that Carrie Clark will move her millinery establishment to the room to be vacated by Mr. Burdick giving up her present location to The Fry Company.

HERE AND THERE

Visitors items of interest picked up by a Reporter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass and son Linas, and Mrs. Cora Hulings of Costello expect to motor to Indiana County, Pa., this week to spend their vacation with relatives there.

Frank Hooley of Olean was a guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Hooley of Open Brook over Sunday.

Frank L. Thornton, son Lloyd and mother, Mrs. Julia Thornton attended the Thornton reunion at Binghamton, N. Y. last week.

A surprise party was given Miss Helen Mather formerly of Kansas City, at her home near East Smethport last Tuesday evening. Dancing games and music were indulged in until a late hour. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Miss Marie Tanner of Farmers Valley visited Mrs. Frank Thornton Thursday and Friday.

Miss Wilma Love is the guest of relatives in Austin.

Mrs. Ernest Peterson of Olean visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nourse last Tuesday.

Berry picking is a favorite pastime near East Smethport at present. Some are so enthusiastic they forget to take paths along.

Charles Rice, son of George L. Rice had the misfortune to fracture his leg last week. He is resting comfortably at present.

Misses Clara Oviatt, Helen Mathery and Marian Bush attended the Christian Endeavor Rally at Obit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis motored to Portage Falls, N. Y. on Sunday.

You are worth what you have saved

BUY W.S.S.

Soft Shirts

with collar attached, are best for summer wear. They're stylish, neat and comfortable, and look good anywhere.

\$1.25 \$1.50 \$2.00

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Smethport

THE FRY COMPANY

Play Suits for Little Folks

Just the style for these hot days to keep the little folks cool and comfortable.

Little Dutch Romper Suits, short sleeves, pink and white and blue and white, sizes 2 to 6 year.

Special Value \$1.00

Little Folks' Slipover Suits

Blue Chambray, Gingham—well made, belted and pockets, short sleeves and knee length, sizes 2 to 6 year \$1.00

Strong, well made one piece overall suits in sizes 2 to 6 year, blue stripe denim, long leg and sleeve \$1.00

CHILDREN'S WHITE DRESSES

One lot of Children's fancy white dresses, sizes 2 to 6 year. Regular price \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25

Special Price, 1-3 off.

It Takes Grit

--to accomplish your ambitions

There is more in Bull Dog Tenacity than there is in Luck.

Establish a bank account with the firm determination to stay with it until you accumulate a certain fixed sum and stay with it until you win.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pennsylvania

Showers for the Bride

See our new hand painted dinner set in a very beautiful pattern.

Also presents suitable for showers from 25c up.

J. M. Wiant - Jeweler and Optometrist
(SUCCESSOR TO VICTOR ENGSTROM)
111 House of Quality Smethport, Pa.

A MAN'S HARDEST FIGHT IS ALWAYS IN THE BEGINNING

IT IS THE WILL OF YOU that sustains resolution and brings you over the long road. Point to as many "LUCKY" individuals as you can recall, and investigation will furnish tenfold of instances in which "Pluck" dominated.

Now then, come to our bank, begin depositing today. \$1.00 will do to start, and by choosing this institution it will bring you an efficient banking connection.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,
Smethport, Pa.

The Miner \$2 Per Year

PIECES EIGHT

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1903—NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

By Richard Le Gallienne

REPRESENTED BY CHARLES WEBSTER, JR. & COMPANY



"Isn't It Time You Revealed Your Mysterious Aladdin's Cave?"

"I am absolutely certain that no one will," she answered, with an emphasis on the last three words which sent a thrill through me, for I knew that it was meant for me. "Of course, dad," she added, "if you insist—you shall have it. But seriously I think it is safer where it is, and if I were to fetch it, how can I be sure that no one else wouldn't find it?—Tobias, for instance, would see me going and follow me."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the "king," "What do you think, Friend Ulysses?"

"I think it more than likely that the might be followed," I answered, "and I quite agree with Miss Calypso, certainly wouldn't advise her to visit her treasure just now—with the woods so full of eyes. In fact, I did, smiling frankly at her, 'I could scarcely answer for myself even for I confess that she has filled me with an overpowering curiosity.'"

"So be it then," said the "king," and now to consider what our friend graphically speaks of as those eyes in the woods?"

The "king" then made a determined effort into the practical. The woods, said probably, were full of eyes. In this prose, we were almost certainly watching. Unless—unless, indeed, my bogus departure for Nassau had fooled Tobias as we had hoped, at, even so, with that lure of Calypso's doubtless ever before him, it is too probable that he would not have the neighborhood without some other investigation—"an investigation," the "king" explained, "which might well take the form of a midnight raid; murdered in our beds, and death."

That being so, being in fact almost certain—the "king" spoke as much he would be a much disappointed man otherwise—we must look our garrison. After all, besides ourselves, we had but Samson and Erebus and their dark brethren of doubt—encourage, while Tobias probably I command of a round dozen of lightly despondent. On the whole, maps, it might be best to avail selves of the crew of the Flamingo—under cover of the dark," he repeated with a smile.

While we had been talking Samson I long since been on his way with word to Siswhey to look out for better, and as he had been admonished to hurry back it was scarcely in when he returned, bringing in a message—a verbal message—from Siswhey.

The packmarked party, ran the sage as delivered by Samson, "had the harbor in his sleep that morning. Yes, sir!"

markable beauty. It needed but one glance to realize that here was Calypso's mother, and as was natural I stood a long time scanning the countenance that was so like the face which, from my first sight of it, had seemed the loveliest in the world. This was a flower that had been the mother of a flower. It was a face more primitive in its beauty, a little less touched with race than the one I loved, but the same fearless natural nobility was in it, and the figure had the same wild grace of pose, the same lithe strength of carriage.

Two or three days went by, but as yet there was no news of either Charlie Webster or Tobias. Nothing further had been heard of the latter in the settlement, and a careful patrolling of the neighborhood revealed no signs of him. Either his sailing away was a bona fide performance or he was lying low in some other part of the island—which of course would not be a difficult thing for him to do, as most of it was wilderness—and also, there were one or two caves on the deserted northern side where he could easily bide his time. Between that coast and us, however, lay some ten miles of scrub and mangrove swamps, and it was manifestly out of the question to patrol them too. There was nothing to do but wait and wait.

At last there came a message from Charlie Webster, another of his Caesarian notes: "Sorry delays few days longer. Any news?"

That seemed to decide the "king." "What do you say, Ulysses?" he said, "if we begin digging tomorrow? There are ten of us—with as many guns, four revolvers and plenty of machetes—not counting Calypso, who is an excellent shot herself."

I agreed that nothing would please me better—so an early hour the following morning found us with the whole garrison—excepting Samson, whom I had been thought wise to leave at home as a bodyguard for Calypso—lined up at the old ruined mansion with picks and shovels and machetes, ready to commence operations.

We had worked for a week before we made a clearance of the ground floor. Then at last we came upon a solidly built stone staircase, winding downward. After clearing away the debris with which it was choked to a depth of some twenty or thirty steps, we came to a stout wooden door studded with nails.

"The dungeon at last," said the "king."

"The kitchens, I bet," said I.

After some hammering the door gave way with a crash, a moldering breath



It Was the Pirates' Wine Cellar.

as of the grave, met our nostrils, and a cloud of bats flew in our faces and set the negroes screaming. A huge cavernous blackness was before us. The "king" called for lanterns.

As we raised these above our heads and peered into the darkness, we both gave a laugh.

"Yo-ho-ho—and a bottle of rum," sang the "king."

For all along the walls stood or lay prone on trestles, a silent company of holedrums, festooned with cobwebs like huge black wings. It was the pirates' wine cellar!

Such was our discovery for that day, but there is another matter which I must mention—the fact that somehow the news of our excavation seemed to have got down to the settlement. It is a curious fact, as the

"king" observed, that if a man should start to dig for gold in the center of Sahara, with no possible means of communicating with his fellows, on the third day there would not fail to be someone to drop in and remark on the fitness of the weather. So it was with us. As a general thing not once in a twelvemonth did a human being wander into that wilderness where the "king" had made his home. There was nothing to bring them there, and, as I have made clear, the way was not easy. Yet we had hardly begun work when one and another (discreetly strolled in from the settlement and stood grinning his curiosity at our labor.

Toward evening of the third day we came upon a passage leading out of one of the cellars; it had such a promising appearance that we kept at work later than usual, and the sun had set and night was rapidly falling as we turned homeward.

As we came in sight of the house we were struck by the peculiar hush about it, and there were no lights in the windows.

"No lights!" the "king" and I exclaimed together, involuntarily hurrying our steps, with a foreboding of we knew not what in our hearts. As we crossed the lawn the house loomed up dark and still and the door opening onto the loggia was a square of blackness in a gloom of shadows hardly less profound. Not a sound, not a sign of life!

"Calypso!" we both cried out, as we rushed across the loggia. "Calypso! where are you?" but there was no answer; and then I, being ahead of the "king," stumbled over something dark lying across the doorway.

"Good heaven! what is this?" I cried, and bending down I saw that it was Samson.

The "king" struck a match. Yes! it was Samson, poor fellow, with a dagger firmly planted in his heart.

Near by something white caught my eye attached to the hotel of the doorway. It was a piece of paper held there with a sailor's knife. I tore it off to a frenzy, and—the "king" striking another match—we read it together. It bore but a few words, written in capital letters with a coarse pencil:

"WILL RETURN THE LADY IN EXCHANGE FOR THE TREASURE." And it was signed "H. P. T."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which I Lose My Way.

"The audacity of the fellow!" exclaimed the "king" who was the first to recover.

"But Calypso!" I cried.

"The 'king' laid his hand on my shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't be afraid for her," he said.

"I know my daughter."

"But I love her!" I cried, thus bursting out in my anguish what I had destined to reveal in some tranquil hour.

"I have loved her for twenty years," said the "king" exasperatingly, calm.

"Jack Harkaway" can take care of himself."

I was not even astonished at the time.

"But something must be done," I cried.

"I will go to the commander at once and rouse the settlement. Give me a lantern," I called to one of the negroes, who by this had come up to us, and were standing around in a terrified group. I waited only for it to be lit, and then, without a word, dashed wildly into the forest.

"Hadin' you better take someone with you?" I heard the "king" call after me, but I was too distraught to reply, plunging headforemost through the tangled darkness—my brain boiling like a cauldron with anger and a thousand fears, and my heart stung to with wild, unreasoning remorse. After all, it was my doing.

"To think! to think! to think!" I cried aloud—leaving the rest unspoken.

I meant that it had all come of my insensate pursuit of that filthy treasure, when all the time the only treasure I coveted was Calypso—herself. Poor old ignorant Tom had been right after all. Nothing good came of such enterprises. There was a curse upon them from the beginning. And then, as I thought of Tobias, my body shook so that I could hardly keep on walking, and next minute my hatred of him so served me up that I ran on through the brush like a madman, my clothes clutched at by the devilish vines and torn at every yard.

I did not see the scene of our excavations, looking more haunted than ever in the flashing gleam of the lantern. With an oath I left them behind, as the accursed cause of all this evil; but I cannot have gone by them many yards when suddenly I felt the ground giving way beneath me with a violent jerk. My arms went up in a wild effort to save myself, and then, in a panic of fright, I felt myself shooting downward as one might fall down the shaft of a mine. Vainly I clutched at rocky walls as I sped down in the earth-smelling darkness. I seemed to be falling forever, and for a moment my head cleared and I had time to think of the crash that was coming at the end of my fall—a crash which, I said to myself, must mean death.

It came with sudden crunching pain, a swift tightening round my heart, as though black ropes were being lashed tightly about it, squeezing—out my breath; then entire blackness engulfed me and I knew no more.

How long I lay there in the darkness I cannot tell. All I remember is suddenly opening my eyes on intense blackness and vaguely wondering where I was. My head seemed entire-



Vainly I Clutched at Rocky Walls.

ly detached from my body, of which so far I was unconscious. But presently the realization of it returned, and involuntarily I tried to move—to find with a sort of indifferent mild surprise that it was impossible.

So there I lay, oddly content, in the dark—the pungent smell of the earth my only sensation, and my head uselessly clear.

The remembrance of what had happened began to grow in force and keenness, and of a sudden, the thought of Calypso smote me like a sword! Spurred to desperate effort, I stood up on the instant and leaned against a rocky wall. Miracle of miracles! I could stand. I was not dead, after all. I was not, indeed, so far as I could tell, seriously hurt. Badly bruised, of course—but no bones broken. It seemed incredible, but it was so. The realization made me feel weak again, and I sat down with my back propped up against the rock, and waited for more strength.

Slowly my thoughts fumbled around the situation. Then, as by force of habit, my hand went to my pocket. God be praised! I had matches, and I cried with thankfulness out of very weakness. But I still sat on in the dark for a while. I felt very tired. After thinking about it for a long time, I took out my precious matchbox, which unconsciously I had been hugging with my hand, and struck a light, looking about me in a dazed fashion. The match burnt down to my fingers, and I threw it away, as the flame stung me. I had seen something of my surroundings, enough to last my tired brain for a minute or two. I was in the bottom of a sort of crevasse,

a narrow cleft in the rocks which continued on in a slanting downward chasm into the darkness. It was a natural corridor, with a floor of white sand. The sand had accounted for my coming off without any broken bones.

After another minute or two I struck another match, and lay on my side. There was my lantern lying beside me. The glass of it was broken, but that was no matter. As I lit the wick my hopes leapt up with the flame. At the worst I had light.

I swung my lantern aloft, seeking the possibilities of a climb, but everywhere it was sheer, without a ledge or protuberance of any kind to take advantage of, and it was utterly devoid of vegetation—not a sign of a friendly shrub or root to hold by.

I had sense enough to know that I was too tired to think profitably, and drowsiness coming over me told me that an hour or two's sleep would give me the strength I needed to renew with a will and more chances of success my efforts to escape.

Light was too precious to waste, so I blew out my lantern, and, curling up on the sand, almost instantly fell asleep. But before I lapsed into unconsciousness I had clutched hold of one, sustaining thought in the darkness—the assurance of Calypso's safety, so confidently announced by her father; "Don't be afraid for her. I know my daughter! Whatever happened to me, she would come out all right. As her brave shape flashed before my mind's eye, down there under the earth, I could have no doubt of that."

My instinct had been right in giving way to my drowsiness, for I woke up from my sleep a new man. How long I had been there, of course, I had no means of knowing; but I fancy I must have slept a good while, for I felt so refreshed and full of determination to tackle my escape in good earnest.

I had hardly re-lit my lantern when its rays revealed something which it seemed impossible for anyone with eyes, however weary, to have overlooked.

In the right-hand corner of the little cavern, five or six feet above my head, was a dark hole, like the entrance to a tunnel, and more properly speaking a good-sized burrow—for it was scarcely more than a yard in diameter. It seemed to be something more than a mere cavity in the rock, for when I flashed my lantern up to it I could see no end. To climb up to it at first seemed difficult; but providentially, I had a stout clasp knife in my pocket, and with this I cut a step of two in the porous rock, and so managed it. I lay flat on my stomach, I looked in.

It was, as I had thought, a narrow

natural tunnel, snaking through the rocks—as often happens in these curious fantastic coral formations—for all the world, indeed, as if it had been made ages ago by some monstrous primeval serpent, a giant wormhole, no less, leading—heaven alone knew where.

There was just room to crawl along it on all fours, so I started cautiously, making sure I had my precious matches and my jackknife all safe.

I progressed, I should say, for some twenty or thirty yards, when, to my inexpressible relief, I came out, still on all fours, onto a spreading floor; then, standing up, I perceived that I was in a cave of considerable loftiness and some forty feet or so across. It was good to breathe again such comparatively free air; yet, as I looked about and made the circuit of the walls, I saw that I had but exchanged one prison for another. There was this difference, however: whereas there had only been one passageway from the cave I had just left, there were several similar outlets from that in which I now stood. Two or three of them proved to be nothing but alcoves that ran a few yards and then stopped.

But there were two close by each other which seemed to continue on. There was not much choice between them, but as both made in the same direction, so far as I could judge the direction in which I had so far progressed, I decided to take the larger one. It proved to be a passage much like the tunnel I had already traversed, only a little roomier, and therefore it was easier going, and it, too, brought me out, as had the other, on another cavern—but one considerably larger in extent.

I had stumbled on something like a Monte Cristo suite of underground apartments. And here for a moment I released my imagination from her blinders, and allowed her to play around these strange halls. And in one of her suggestions there was some comfort. It was hardly likely that caverns of such extent had waited for me to discover them. They must surely have been known to Teach, or whatever buccanner it was who had occupied the ruined mansion not so very far above ground.

I set about the more carefully to examine every nook and corner. Two iron staples imbedded in one of the walls, with rusting chains and manacles attached, were melancholy proof of one of the uses to which the place had once been put. Melancholy for certain unhappy souls long since freed of all mortal chains, but for me—need I say it?—exceedingly joyous. For if there had been a way to bring prisoners here it was none the less evident that there had been a way to take them out. But how and where? Again I searched every nook and cranny. There was no sign of entrance anywhere.

What if the entrance were after the manner of a medieval subterfuge—through the ceiling? There was a thought indeed to send one's hopes soaring. I ran in my eagerness, through one cavern after another, holding my lantern aloft. That must be the solution! There could be no other way. I sought and sought, but alas! it was a false hope, and I threw myself down in a corner in despair, deciding that the prisoners must have been forced to crawl in as I had—though it was hardly like jailers to put themselves to such inconvenience. I leaned back against the wall and gazed listlessly upward. Next moment I had bounded to my feet again. Surely I had seen some short, regular lines running up the face of the rock, like a ladder. I raised my lantern. Sure enough, they were iron rounds set in the face of the rock, and they mounted up till I lost them in the obscurity, for the cave here must have been forty feet high. Blessed heaven! I was saved!

But alas! they did not begin till some six feet above my head, and the way was sheer. How was I to reach the lowest rung? The rock was too sheer for me to cut steps in, as I had done farther back. I looked about me. Again the luck was with me. In one of the caves I had noticed some broken pieces of fallen rock. They were terribly heavy, but despair lent me strength, and after an hour or two's work, I had managed to roll several of them to the foot of the ladder, and—with an effort of which I would not have believed myself capable—had been able to build them one on top of another against the wall. So I found myself able to grasp the lowest rung with my hands. Then, fastening the lantern round my neck with my necktie, I prepared to mount.

The climb was not difficult, once I had managed to get my feet on the first rung of the ladder, but there was always the chance that one of the rungs might have rusted loose with time, in which case, of course, it would have given way in my grasp, and I should have been precipitated backward to certain death below.

However, the man who had mortised them had done an honest piece of work, and they proved as firm as on the day they were placed there. Up and up I went, till I must have been forty feet above the floor, and, then, as I neared the foot, instead of coming to a trap door, as I had conjectured, I found that the ladder came to an end at the edge of a narrow ledge, running along the ceiling much as a clerestory runs near the roof of some old churches. On to this I managed to climb. It was barely a yard wide, and the impending roof did not permit of one's standing erect. It was a dizzy situation, and it seemed safest to crawl along on all fours, holding the lantern in front of me. Presently it brought me up sharp to a narrow

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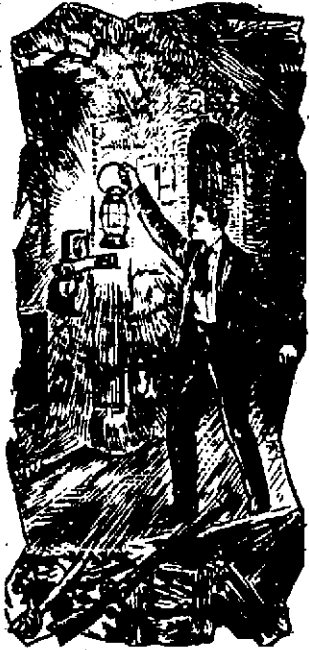
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recess. It had come to an end.

Yes! but imagine my joy! It had come to an end at a low archway, redly cut in the rock. Deep set in the archway was a stout wooden door. My first thought was that I was trapped again, but, to my infinite surprise and gratitude, it proved to be slightly ajar, and a vigorous push sent it grinding back on its hinges. What next? I wondered. At all events, I was no longer lost in the bowels of the earth; step by step, I was coming nearer to the frontiers of humanity.

But I was certainly not prepared for what next met my eyes, as I pushed through the low doorway with my lantern, and looked around. Yes! indeed, man had certainly been here, man, too, very purposeful and businesslike. I was in a sort of low narrow gallery, some forty feet long, to



I Was in a Sort of Low, Narrow Gallery, Some Forty Feet Long.

which the arching rock made a crypt-like ceiling. At my first glance, I saw that there was another door at the far end similar to the one I had entered by; and on the left side of the gallery, built of rough stones from the low ceiling to the floor, was a series of compartments, each with locked wooden door. They were strong and grim looking, and might have been taken for prison cells, or family vaults, or possibly wine bins. The massive locks were red with rust, and there was plainly no possibility of opening them. On the other side of the gallery, there was a litter of old chains, and some boards, probably left over from the doors. Yes, and there were two old blunderbuss guns, and several cutlasses, all eaten away with rust, also

a rough seaman's chest open and falling to pieces. At the sight of that, a wild thought flashed through my brain. What if—Good God! What if this was John Teach's treasury—behind those grim doors, I threw myself with all my force against one and then the other. For the moment I forgot that my paramount business was to escape. But I might as well have hurled myself against the solid rock. And, at that moment, I noticed that the place was darker than it had been. My lantern was going out. In a moment or two I should be in the pitch dark, and I had discovered that the door at the end of the gallery was as solid as the others.

I was to be trapped, after all; and I pictured myself slowly dying there of hunger—the pang of which I was already beginning to feel—and some one, years hence, finding me there, a moldering skeleton—some one who would break open those doors, uncover those gleaming hoards, and moralize on the irony of my end; condemned to die there of starvation, with the treasure I had so long sought on the other side of those unyielding doors. Old Tom's words suddenly flashed over me, and I could feel my hair literally beginning to rise. "There never was a buried treasure, yet that didn't claim its victim." Great God!—and I was to be the ghost, and keep guard in this terrible tomb till the next dead man came along to relieve me of my sentry duty!

Practically I turned up the wick of my lantern at the thought—but it was no use; it was plainly going out. I examined my match box: I had still a dozen, or so matches left. And then my eye fell on that shattered chest. There were those boards, too. At all events I could build a fire and make torches of slivers of wood, so long as the wood lasted.

And then I had an idea. Why not make the fire against the door at the end of the gallery, and so burn my way through. Bravo! My spirits rose at the thought, and I set to at once—splitting some small kindling with my knife. In a few minutes I had quite a sprightly little fire going at the bottom of the door; but I saw that I should have to be extravagant with my wood if the fire was to be effective. However, it was neck or nothing; so I piled on beams and boards till my fire roared like a furnace, and presently I had the joy of seeing it begin to take hold of the door—which, after a short time, began to crackle and splutter in a very cheering fashion.

Whatever lay beyond, it was evident that I should soon be able to break my way through the obstacle, and, indeed, so it proved; for, presently, I used one of the boards as a battering ram, and, to my inexpressible joy, it went crashing through, with a

shower of sparks, and it was but the work of a few more minutes before the whole door fell flaming down, and I was able to leap through the doorway into the darkness on the other side.

As I stood there, peering ahead, and holding aloft a burning stick—which proved, however, a poor substitute for my lantern—a wonderful sound smote my ears. I could not believe it, and my knees shook beneath me. It was the sound of the sea.

Yes, it was no illusion. It was the sound that the sea makes singing and echoing through hollow caves—the sound I heard that night as I stood at the moonlit door of Calypso's cavern, and saw that vision which my heart nearly broke to remember. Calypso! Oh Calypso! where was she at this moment? Pray God that she was indeed safe, as her father had said. But I had to will her from my mind, to keep from going mad.

And my poor torch had gone out, having, however, given me light enough to see that the door which I had just burst through led out onto a narrow platform on the side of a rock that went slanting down into a chasm of blackness, through which, as in a great shell, sounded that murmuring of the sea. It had a perilous ugly look, and it was plain that it would be foolishly to attempt it at the moment without a light; and my fire was dying down. Besides, I was beginning to feel light-headed and worn out, partly from lack of food, no doubt.

As there was no food to be had, I recalled the old French proverb, "He eats who sleeps"—or something to that effect—and I determined to bask my strength once more with a brief rest. However, as I turned to throw some more wood on my fire—preparing to indulge myself with a little campfire cheerfulness as I dozed off—my eyes fell once more on that grim line of locked doors; and my curiosity, and an idea, made me wakeful again. I had burned down one door—why not another? Why not, indeed?

So I raked over my fire to the family vault nearest to me, and presently had it roaring and licking against the stout door. It was, apparently, not so solid as the gallery door had been. At all events, it kindled more easily, and it was not long before I had the satisfaction of battering that down too.

As I did so, I caught sight of something in the interior that made me laugh aloud and behave generally like a madman. Of course, I didn't believe my eyes—but they persisted in declaring, nevertheless, that there in front of me was a great iron-bound oaken chest, to begin with. It might not, of course, contain anything but bones—but it might! The thing was too absurd. I must have fallen asleep—must be already dreaming! But no! I was laboring with all my strength to open it with one of those rusty cutlasses. It was a tough job, but my strength was as the strength of ten, for the old treasure-hunting lust was upon me, and I had forgotten every

thing else in the world for the time.

At last, with a great wooden groan, as though its heart were breaking at having to give up its secret at last, it crashed open. I fell on my knees—as though I had been struck by lightning, for it was literally brimming over with silver and gold pieces—doubloons and pieces of eight; English and French coins, too—guineas and louis d'or—"all"—as Tobias' manuscript had said—"all good money."

For a while I knelt over it, dazed and blinded, lost; then, I slowly plunged my hands into it; and let the pieces pour and pour through them, literally bathing them in gold and silver, as I had read of misers doing.

Then suddenly I broke out into an Irish jig—never having had any notion of doing such a thing before.

In fact I behaved as I have read of men doing, whom a sudden fortune



has bereft of reason. For the time, at all events, I was a gibbering madman. Certainly, there was to be no sleep for me that night! But, in the full tide of my frenzy, I suddenly noticed something that brought me up sharp. Out beyond the doorway it was growing light. It was only a dim tremulous suggestion of it, indeed, but it was real daylight—coming in from somewhere or other—the blessed, blessed, daylight! God be praised!

ELDRED

Monday night at about 9:30 o'clock an explosion of the tail house at the Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Company's plant one mile south of Eldred shook up things in the town and was heard for some distance in the country. Brilliant reflections soon located the trouble to the startled people, and as soon as it was given out that the refinery was on fire, a stream of autos, bicycles and pedestrians hurried towards the scene. But owing to the splendid system of fire protection at the plant there wasn't much to be seen, the most of the damage having been done by the explosion. It was remarkable that no one was seriously injured.

The tail house was a building about 15 feet above the ground, largely of brick construction, into which the pipes carry the gasoline and oil from the stills, were controlled and the products run into separate tanks.

Monday night Howard Bellamy, with his son, Ellison, and daughter, Geraldine, drove up to the refinery in their car, and Mr. Bellamy, after spending some time in the boiler house talking went over to the tail house when Bellamy pulled out a package of cigarettes and passed them around. Steve Weibert came down just and when he saw the fags asked for one also for a match. Both were handed to him and as they moved away from the building he unconsciously of any suspicion of danger reached down and struck the lucifer on a nearby pipe. The night air seemed to hold the fumes low, and in an instant a bluish flame seemed to flash along the ground under the tail house where a heavy charge was ignited and the terrific explosion resulted. Reeling from the shock, H. Bellamy slipped and fell, with a result that his hands and face were brought into a sheet of flame, his son was burned in the face and on his arm, while his daughter received minor burns on the legs. He hurried with them into his car and hurried to town where he had them dressed. None of the burns were serious.

Don Mack who had just left the building and Dana McFall were each thrown quite a distance but were not injured, while Steve Weibert escaped without injury other than a severe shock. The tail house was a total wreck, and an insurance of \$4,000 will about replace the building but the loss of the operation will be much heavier.

The excellent system of fire protection at the refinery was shown by the manner in which the flames were confined a flow of steam being played upon the nearby tanks to protect them.

It is estimated that about 50 barrels of gasoline and light oils were burned.

Supt. Mack was busy the next day and informs the Eagle that a temporary equipment will be in place in a few days, and that a new building will be erected as soon as possible. The refinery is doing a big business and their products from the best grade of Pennsylvania crude, are in great demand and they can not afford to let any interruption to business continue longer than necessary.

Probably 50 automobiles lined the road at the time of the fire, for the explosion jarred things up for quite a distance. People who expected that any conflagration at the refinery would result in a grand display of fire works were agreeably disappointed by the clever manner in which the flames were confined, and right in the midst of tanks filled with oil and gasoline at that.

Zack S. Brunner, one of Indian Creek's oldest and best known residents, died at the Warren hospital, last Friday morning, after a short illness of a general breakdown, both physical and mental, following a stroke on July 10th. He had gradually failed in health since the death of his wife, two years ago. Deceased was born at Irwin, Pa., May 3, 1847. On September 12, 1874 he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Thomas, at Brady's Bend, Pa., and about 20 years ago moved his family to Indian Creek, where he had since resided. He was a man who enjoyed the friendship of a large circle of friends; apparently of a rugged nature and his collapse and sudden death was a great surprise to all. The death of his life's companion two years ago was a severe shock to him, and he seemed to weaken from that time. Most of his life was spent in the oil business and he reared a family of ten children who survive and of whom he was justly proud, a son Frank dying a few years ago. In the social life of the vicinity in which he lived, he was prominent and was a member of the Eldred fodgees F. and A. M.; I. O. O. F. and grange. The funeral services were held from the M. E. church, here, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. B. J. Fairweather officiating, and interment was made in Oak Hill—the burial being under ritual of the Masonic order. Surviving are six



For a Sick Pocketbook

sons: John of Duke Center, Harry Forrest, Staley and George of Indian Creek, and Bryan in France and 4 daughters, Mrs. W. H. Lemmer of Indian Creek, Mrs. E. E. Rounds of Tulsa Okla., Mrs. Eugene Hitchcock of Shack Hollow, Mrs. Ada Irwin, of North Branch, and they have the sympathy of a community in their bereavement.

The fire which destroyed the home of Mrs. Olive Dunn at Stultown, last Friday, made nearly a clean sweep of both house and contents. No one was in the house at the time and it is not known how the blaze started. Mrs. Jennie Douglass had her household goods stored in the house and these were practically all burned, an organ and chair being about all that was saved. Mrs. Dunn carried \$300 insurance on her household goods, also some on the house.

A barn belonging to D. Burrows on Mechanic street was struck by lightning Tuesday night and burned. It rained so hard that but few got out in fact it was a wonder that a fire could be much of a success under such a torrent of rain as fell during the time.

Married in the Presbyterian church, Augusta, Georgia, March 6th was Miriam Llewellyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Llewellyn of Eldred and Hoyt Reese, of Whittier, Calif. This announcement will be a surprise to the many friends of the bride here. The groom was stationed at Camp Hancock, Ga., in the Quartermaster's department, and Miss Llewellyn was a trained nurse in the service, at the same camp. The wedding followed but was kept a military secret. Mr. Reese has a

home prepared for his bride and after a visit with her parents here Mrs. Reese will join her husband, who is engaged in some business affair in the middle west at present, and they will go to their home in the far western state.—Eagle.

COLEVILLE

Bright Budget of Newsy Notes From a Social Neighborhood

G. Fairbanks of Bradford was in town Sunday.

Frank Black and family of Rixford spent Sunday with his brother James Black of this place.

Mrs. Abbott, son and infant daughter have returned from an extended visit to Sugar Grove.

Mrs. S. H. Elder, son, Frank and Max Moore were business visitors in Bradford Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Digel and sons, Donald and James spent the week end with the latter's father, F. D. Sprague of Bradford.

Robert Digel and Harold Booth motored to Eldred Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Moore and daughters, Verne and Doris of Clarendon returned home Friday after spending a few days with the former's mother, Mrs. Moore.

Rev. Wilson of Bradford was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartnett and daughters, Evelyn and Frances spent Sunday with relatives in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Burgess and daughter, Ada spent Saturday with relatives in Bradford.

William Rhodes, Max Moore, Robert and Howard Digel spent Sunday at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, and sons, Raymond and Floyd of Red Rock spent Sunday with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Burger.



NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Estate of Henry Bertschinger, dec'd.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Registrar of Wills, upon the Estate of Henry Bertschinger, late of Norwich Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased to G. H. McCoy, residing in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estates are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claims against or demand upon said estate shall make the same known without delay.

G. H. McCoy, Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1919.

Guy B. Mayo, Attorney.

Cigarettes made to meet your taste!

Camels are offered you as a cigarette entirely out of the ordinary—a flavor and smoothness never before attained. To best realize their quality compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels flavor is so refreshing, so enticing, it will win you at once—it is so new and unusual. That's what Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobacco gives you! You'll prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

As you smoke Camels, you'll note absence of any unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste or any unpleasant cigarettey odor. And, you'll be delighted to discover that you can smoke Camels liberally without tiring your taste!

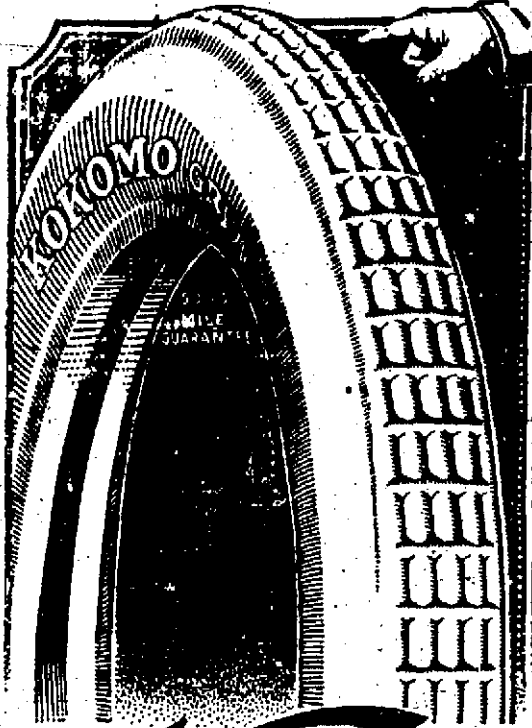
Take Camels at any angle—they surely supply cigarette contentment beyond anything you ever experienced. *They're a cigarette revelation!* You do not miss coupons, premiums or gifts. *You'll prefer Camels quality!*

18 cents a package

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or for travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

There's the Tire for My Long Tour



A KOKOMO Long Life Tire, to be sure. And it has the White Gridiron Tread.

There is no better tire for a long tour. It MUST go 5,000 miles. The manufacturers say so. It is their guarantee of faith in pure white rubber, standardized uniformity of manufacturing, master workmanship and strictest inspection.

Kokomo Long Life Tires are as good as 25 years of tire-building experience can make them. The first pneumatics made in America were Kokomo Tires to equip a "Horseless Carriage". White Gridiron Treads can be depended upon for ANY tour.

Prove it! Try a set for your next tour.

LONG-LIFE KOKOMO TIRES AND TUBES

Sold by **J. F. EBERSPACHER**

313 W. Main Street, SMETHPORT, PA.

COURT HOUSE NOTES

DEEDS

Aug. 4—Timothy Whelan and wife to Mary Keelan, Bradford Twp. \$30.
J. P. Schoonmaker and wife to F. M. Nash, Bradford, \$1.
Harlow Pike and wife to Andrew P. Corwin, Bradford, \$1.
Chester H. Manning and wife to G. A. Hedburg and wife, Port Allegany \$75.
Aug. 5—Oak Hill Cemetery Association to George Kuber, Oak Hill Cemetery \$157.50.
Otto Paiss and wife to Casper Frutiger and wife, Bradford \$1.
Wayne M. Hamilton Exr to Margaret Elizabeth Pifer, Bradford \$500.
Mary A. Nunn and husband to C. S. Gibson, Liberty \$2000.
P. D. Ostrander and wife to Alta Johnson, et al Ceres \$1.
Alma M. Ostrander and husband to Albert M. Ostrander, Ceres \$1.

DR. BENJAMIN VAN CAMPEN

Rooms 312-313, First National Bank Building 101 North Union St., Olean, N. Y.

Specialist in General and Abdominal Surgery Diseases of Women

Office Hours:

2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.
Mornings by appointments
Telephone—Office 1389, Residence 1376.

Cleaning

Repairing

Pressing

Clothing

Neat Work

Promptly Done

Leo J. Samson

Main St.

Smethport.

E. D. Ostrander to Alta Johnson et al, Ceres \$1.

Egbert D. Ostrander to Albert M. Ostrander, Ceres, \$1.

Mary E. Clark, et al to Alice B. Hayes, Bradford \$100.

Aug. 6—Cynthia C. Smith et al to Fred Putman, Bradford \$25.

Aug. 7—William M. Boyce et al to Ernest H. Jackson and wife Bradford \$3400.

William E. Burdick and wife to Joseph Minnick, Otto \$1.

Emma W. Coleman to Guy C. Smith and wife, Bradford \$2100.

J. G. Chamberlain, Admr. of to Emma H. Fry, Keating \$2000.

Aug. 8—Bridget Malloy to Chloe A. Cetwick, Bradford \$3000.

Alice Williams to William Nelson, Kane \$1500.

Axel Holt and wife to Orton A. Eastman, Wetmore \$1600.

E. A. McKee and wife to Minnie Winnie, Eldred \$900.

Aug. 9—William Leyman and wife to Elizabeth Holinger, Bradford \$1.

Francis Gallup and husband to Carl J. Lundgren, Mt. Jewett \$700.

G. W. K. Welch and wife to Edward D. Boyle et al, Bradford \$1600.

Mary A. Oliphant and husband to Cora A. Gallup, Kane \$1.

Aug. 11—Richard W. Murray to Carolyn Murry Francis Bradford \$1.

S. C. Beers and wife to Charles R. Bagely, Sargeant \$400.

Elissa K. Kane and wife to Charles R. Bagely, Hamlin \$500.

Sam Glacok and wife to John Zastowney, Hamilton \$1050.

C. H. Simmons and wife to Hazel A. Walter, Eldred \$350.

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGE

Aug. 4—First National Bank of Port Allegany to Edgar F. Prindle Port Allegany \$1300.

Aug. 5—Jessie E. Taylor to Elizabeth J. Jennings and husband, Bradford Twp. \$2500.

Charles Carpenter and wife to Nettie Swartz and husband Liberty \$250.

C. R. Colegrove and wife to Mary A. Nunn and husband, Liberty \$1300.

Aug. 7—Samuel Phillips to Frances Gallup and husband, Mt. Jewett \$1300.

Max Gardle to Elizabeth Price and husband Bradford \$160.

J. A. Williams to Emma W. Coleman and husband, Bradford \$1400.

Martin Lawler to M. J. Coleman, Liberty \$1000.

Aug. 8—Ed Malloy to Mary A. Schneider, Bradford \$1000.

State Capital Savings and Loan Association to A. S. Reichel, Kane \$300.

Aug. 9—Brookville Title and Trust Company to Cora A. Gallup Kane \$1100.

Aug. 11—Kane Trust and Savings Company to I. M. Taxstein, Kane \$1600.

ASSIGNMENT OF MORTGAGE

Aug. 5—Edith Fulmer to Hamlin Bank and Trust Company Liberty \$380.

Aug. 8—Henry Hamlin and Son to Hamlin Bank and Trust Company, Smethport \$1.

HELL TOO GOOD FOR THEM

The right kind of people will do what they can to help a wayward boy or girl, who is trying to live down a bad record. The wrong kind of people will do what they can to prevent a reform, by snubs, by spreading a story of wrong-doings, and by heading off every attempt to regain a good name. Hell is not hot enough for the man or woman that will take pains to spread evil reports of one trying to better and thus kill any spark of hope for a better life. And the condemnation of these scandal-mongers is all the more righteous because in many cases their own lives have not been without stain. They may have been able to escape detection, but in their own hearts they know they have no right to cast stones at others. Yet scandal-mongers; character-assassins, are generally that kind. They delight to drag others down to their own level and bar the door to respectability they wrongfully enjoy, even tho their position, carefully placed, may ruin a young life.—Potter Journal.

NEW HIGH WAIST SEAM SUITS

For Young Men

this week

Special at

\$20.00

H. W. Rubin & Son

FARMERS VALLEY

Late Local Laconics from a Lively Location

Roy Carter was a business caller in Smethport Saturday.

Mrs. Emma Ferris attended the funeral of A. C. Champlin in Corryville Sunday.

Clarence Southwick and daughter, Lillian of Olean were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Derby over Sunday.

Harold Smith motored to Limestone Saturday.

Mrs. Frances Tormey who has been ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Richmond is much improved.

Mrs. E. Donnelly of Tulsa, Oklahoma is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lon Herzog.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Herzog motored to Bolivar Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Grover and granddaughter, attended a reunion of the Grimes Settlement Thursday.

Miss Abbie Rockefeller returned from Butler Saturday.

Miss Lola Stratton was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Sam Oliver attended the Grange Picnic at Turtle Point.

Frank McGill of Oil City was called on friends Friday.

Frank Calwell has been busy having the past week.

Mrs. Scowden and daughter, returned Saturday from Butler where she has been visiting her son, Leslie.

Miss Reynolds of Smethport was visiting with friends the past few days.

Miss Jeanie Sprague of Johnsonburg is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brocham.

Miss Abbie Rockefeller, who has been attending summer school at Grove City came back Saturday and Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller took her to visit in Potter County.

Miss Elva Parker accompanied by her father went to Olean on Monday, where Miss Elva underwent an operation for the removal of her tonsils.

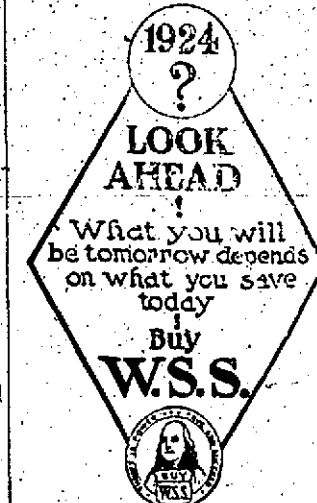
There was a farewell party at the Grange Hall last Monday night for Mrs. J. B. Roeder and her two daughters, Winifred and Rita. They left Thursday for their new home in Oberlin, Ohio.

A large crew of men are working on the new state road from Smethport to Bradford. Here's hoping they will soon be finished as it is mighty hard work to get in or out of Smethport. The Cypok house next to the Valley Hall has turned into an office.

Rev. Lawrence Thayer and wife were in Smethport on Monday.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Stricken with a cold and ill only three days Andrew Carnegie, one of the world's most prominent financiers and philanthropists, died at his summer home at Lenox, Mass., Monday morning. He would have been 84 years old November 25. Andrew Carnegie was born in Scotland and came to America with his parents when he was 11 years old. His father was a mill worker and Andrew obtained employment in the same cotton mill at \$1 per week. Later he became a messenger boy at \$2.50 per week, afterward learning telegraphy and holding various jobs on railroads. After the Civil war he entered the steel and iron business and literally grew up with that great industry, becoming one of the world's wealthiest men. His life-long belief was that money made in a community should be spent for the good of the community. His gifts to Pittsburgh amount to many millions. In fact the whole country has profited from his generosity. It is estimated that he gave away more than \$200,000,000, while his fortune at his death is roughly estimated at a quarter of a billion dollars. In 1887 he married Miss Louise Whitfield, daughter of a rich New Yorker. She survives together with his daughter, Margaret, who last April married Ensign Roswell Miller of New York.



DO YOU KNOW

that saving three nickels a day with interest will come to \$1500 in about 15 years. Put your nickels in Thrift and War Saving Stamps. Your postmaster sells them.

What Have You Done About Tires?

Hundreds of motorists in this city—many of them business men you know—have increased the pleasure of motoring by eliminating tire worry. And you can do it too!

A new principal of tire construction invented by Charles G. Gates, E. M., makes it possible—and 500,000 car owners, all over the United States, have proven this Gates principal.

These motorists, including the biggest business houses in the country, have proved that Gates Half-Sole Tires enable them to get 5,000 to 15,000 more miles than ever before.

And Gates Half-Sole Tires are 20 per cent over-size—stronger and better than the tires now on your car—guaranteed puncture-proof—yet cost only 1-2 as much as other tires.

You, too, are entitled to this tire economy—let us show you.

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

AUTHORIZED SERVICE STATION

116 EAST MAIN ST.

Smethport, Pa.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

How would you like to chop off a great big chunk of your annual expense for automobile tires?

It would be perfectly satisfactory, wouldn't it?

Well, that is the object of TIRE CONSERVATION DAY which will be held in our place

ERIDAY, August 22nd. 1919

On this day a well-known tire expert will bring to the motorists of this community first hand information on the saving of tires—information, expert inspection and advice of a kind that could not be secured in any other way or at any other time. The demonstration will be in

Chas. W. Masser's Hardware

It is absolutely free You are invited.

About

Haying Machinery Prices

We heard a farmer remark the other day that he'd rather endure the handicap of harvesting with insufficient equipment, and wait for lower prices, than pay the present prices for Haying Machinery.

But when his hay is stacked, after his help has spent triple the amount of time when other farm duties are pressing, let him figure up the excessive labor costs due to lack of equipment. They'll amount to a higher figure than the increased cost of machinery.

Manufacturers whom we represent predict no lower prices this year. And we represent these recognized by farmers as leaders—McCormick, Deering, Osborne, Milwaukee and Wood.

Mowers, 5- and 6-foot, especially adapted for hilly land; Rakes, 9- and 10- foot; Tedders, 6- and 8-foot. Call for complete information and demonstration.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN Inc.

LUMBER BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

FARM IMPLEMENTS

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